

SUMMARY OF EVENTS

Yesterday's Principal Happenings
Wired over the Country.

JEWISH WOMEN'S SESSION

Cornelius Vanderbilt's Condition Improving—A Contest Probable in Kentucky—Chicago Failure—Many Officers Censured.

New York, Nov. 19.—The last and in some respects the most interesting session of the council of Jewish women was held to-day with the president, Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon of Chicago, in the chair. The work included the election of national officers for the next three years. For the past year a great deal of rivalry has cropped up between the Chicago section, which now dominates the council, and the New York section, the members of which felt that they were not sufficiently represented on the national board. The following were elected: President, Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon of Chicago; first vice president, Mrs. Sophia Beer of New York; second vice president, Mrs. E. Mandel of Chicago; corresponding secretary, Miss Sadie American of Chicago; recording secretary, Miss Gertrude Berg of Philadelphia; treasurer, Mrs. Carrie M. Wolf of Chicago.

At the forenoon session resolutions sympathizing with the Armenians who suffer from religious persecution provoked a great deal of discussion. Mrs. Frederick Nathan said there was a great difference of opinion as to whether the Armenians were persecuted or not. "A great many people are of the opinion," said she, "that the Armenians have brought all the trouble on themselves through political intrigues and I do not think it is our province to decide who is to blame." The resolution was tabled. A resolution was adopted expressing the gratitude of the Jewish women of America at the improved condition of their co-religionists in Russia.

For the next convention invitations have been received from Denver and Memphis. The sentiment of the delegates appears to favor Denver. A reception to the visiting delegates and friends was given this afternoon at Sherry's.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 19.—Secretary Richardson of the state democratic committee announces that the party has definitely decided to contest the election of McKinley electors in Kentucky. The democrats concede the election of McKinley electors, S. H. Kash, who ran 244 votes ahead of W. H. Smith, the leading Bryan elector. The grounds of contest are irregularity and fraud in a large number of counties. The republicans make many charges of irregularity and fraud on the democrats. The state contest board is composed entirely of republicans.

Chicago, Nov. 19.—The Probst Construction company made an assignment in the county court to-day. The company is one of the largest contracting concerns in the country. Its headquarters are in New York. No statement was filed showing the amount of liabilities or assets. The company built the Coliseum, Schiller building, the park at the world's fair, Fisheries building, Hagenback's building on the midway pleasure, court house at Fort Worth, Texas, and other notable public buildings.

St. Louis, Nov. 19.—Col. Frederick D. Grant of New York, son of General Grant, who is here attending the convention of the Army of the Tennessee, called on Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Miss Winnie Davis at their hotel, accompanied by Gen. George V. Henry, Jefferson barracks. He held an informal interview with the ladies, which lasted about 15 minutes. The widow of the confederate president expressed herself as greatly pleased to meet Colonel Grant.

New York, Nov. 19.—When Cornelius Vanderbilt first fell ill several months ago his private and business affairs, including the management of the New York Central railway and all its associate branches, were taken care of by his brother, William K. Vanderbilt. No official or authoritative statement was made, however, at the offices of the New York Central railway until to-day, when H. C. Duval, President Despey's private secretary, gave out the following for publication:

"Cornelius Vanderbilt is improving every day in health. He is not attending to the pressing details of the vast business of the railroads with which he is connected and will not until he has fully recovered. He is in touch with the business, however, and has a full knowledge of all important matters connected with it as they arise. William K. Vanderbilt has done whatever is necessary in the management of the roads since his brother's illness and will continue to represent the Vanderbilt interest until his brother has fully recovered. Cornelius Vanderbilt, his family and friends believe that with rest and the freedom from care he is now enjoying, he will in due time fully recover and resume his former position not only in business but in charitable and religious work in which he has been so active and efficient."

Washington, Nov. 19.—The navy department has administered a mild and suggestive censure to two officers of the navy whose names are withheld owing to the unpleasant circumstances of the case and the feeling that no intentional wrong was committed. Upon the occasion of their recent return from Magasaki, Japan, to Seattle, Wash., two officers bought tickets on a merchant ship at the reduced rate usually allowed naval officers which in this case is \$25. The regular rate was \$31, and the officers made a claim on the department for the latter amount. The matter having been brought to the attention of the department the officers have been informed that they should have been aware that legally they could not be reimbursed for any larger sum than that actually expended by them, but inasmuch as it did not appear that there was any intention on their part to defraud no further action was considered necessary.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 19.—M. A. Hanna stated to an associated press representative to-day that the alleged interview with him, sent from this city by the United Press, making him say that he was ineligible for the portfolio of secretary of the treasury, is a "pure fake." While there had been some talk in regard to Hanna being barred from the treasury secretaryship by reason of commercial interests, it is held by well informed persons that the law bearing on the subject does not apply to lateral commerce and should it be

decided that it does bar Hanna there are numerous ways in which the objections could be removed.

BRIEF TELEGRAMS.

London, Nov. 19.—The house of lords has dismissed with costs the appeal of Sir Edward Clarke from the decision of the court of appeals awarding the lord £7,500 for the loss of his yacht *Valer*, which was sunk in a collision with the *Satellit* at the opening of the yachting season on the Firth of Clyde in 1894.

Berlin, Nov. 19.—A fire damp explosion occurred in the colliery at Retzklinghausen, Westphalia. Twenty-five bodies have been recovered. Forty of the men are known to be still stranded. Eventually but five men were rescued. The total number killed is about 20.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 19.—The general assembly knights of labor adopted to-day the recommendation of General Secretary Treasurer Hayes that National Brotherhood Union No. 10 should either sever its allegiance to the Federation of Labor or to the Knights of Labor and no man can become a member of the knights whose first allegiance is to another order.

St. Louis, Nov. 19.—The East St. Louis packing company, which had a plant valued at \$300,000 and \$500,000 in Lewis and also maintained a large establishment in this city, has closed owing to the small profits in the business. It is rumored that the company will be reorganized.

Paris, Nov. 19.—The Journal says it understands that in consequence of the debate on the Dreyfus case in the chamber of deputies yesterday the minister of justice, M. Darlan, has instructed the public prosecutor to reopen the inquiry into the affair.

Paris, Nov. 19.—A dispatch to the *Figaro* from St. Petersburg says M. Shchekine, acting minister of foreign affairs, has been appointed minister of foreign affairs, in succession to the late Prince Lobanoff-Rostovsky.

Madrid, Nov. 19.—An official dispatch from Manila says the insurgents have been defeated in engagements with the Spanish troops tonight Sunday. The enemy losing 500 men killed and the government loss being slight.

Moscow, Nov. 19.—According to the official report the yield of the principal cereals in 50 governments of European Russia and the Caucasus in 1896 is 16,150,000 quarters below the average of the last 13 years.

Pittsburg, Nov. 19.—While Warden MacCreary of Erie was en route to Riverside penitentiary with 23 prisoners, Thomas Cronin, under five years' sentence for car robbery, jumped from the fast moving train, was followed by a crowd of on-lookers, and broke his neck. Cronin was seriously injured.

St. Paul, Nov. 19.—Rev. J. H. Hull, the preacher charged with attempting to poison his wife, this afternoon pleaded guilty and was sentenced to the state prison for six years.

St. Louis, Nov. 19.—The First National bank has closed its doors. The failure is due to heavy withdrawals. The bank is one of the oldest institutions in the city and was considered one of the soundest. The amount of liabilities is not yet known. The failure is not believed to have had one.

Washington, Nov. 19.—The controller of the currency has received notice of the failure of the First National bank of St. Louis, Mo. Its capital is \$100,000; liabilities to depositors at date of last report, \$467,000; loans and discounts, \$492,000. Bank Examiner Bland has been placed in charge.

Buenos Ayres, Nov. 19.—The chamber of deputies has passed a bill placing an internal tax of 6 centavos per kilogram on sugar and providing for a bounty of 12 centavos on exported sugar.

Rotterdam, Nov. 19.—The Netherlands American liner *Spaarnmeer* from New York, Nov. 7, for this port, grounded in a fog to-day near the small fishing town of Maasvluis, on the New Maas, about 10 miles from here. The passengers have been landed. The steamer will probably be towed next high tide.

Berlin, Nov. 19.—The Bundesrath to-day ratified the treaty of trade and navigation and consular convention recently arranged between Germany and Nicaragua.

IN THE PAWNSHOP WINDOW

Naikin Ring of Peculiar Make Uncovered a Sad Story.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

On the corner of a rather dingy and obscure street the pawnshop stood. The sign of the keeper, the usual three globes, swung listlessly in a blackened support. The globes were getting rather dingy, and needed re-glazing sadly. The proprietor's name appeared on a long and narrow sign over the doorway, and informed those fortunate passers-by to whom the three globe halls was an enigma, that the shop beneath was a "Lester E. Kaylor Pawnshop."

The door was open, the fall season having only fairly advanced, and anyone desiring the confidence of the proprietor thereby received an accession of belief in the proprietor's willingness to do business with all classes, irrespective of age, sex or previous condition of fortune.

The opening led into a rather dark-looking rear apartment, where the front window of the establishment was devoted to the sale of unredeemed pledges and a diamond brokerage business. Two long showcases lay on the counter in this portion of the shop. They were glittering with diamonds, watches, bracelets, pins, brooches and all sorts of knickknacks in the jewelry line.

The large window outside was filled with a nondescript array of stuff such as is found in the average pawnshop. A shotgun stood guard over a mandolin. A pair of boxing gloves were lying next to a guitar. Revolvers, daggers, rings, watches, clocks, musical instruments, opera glasses and a wilderness of odds and ends filled the window to the brim. And in one corner was a small silver napkin ring. It was rather fancifully engraved, and in a smooth line on the outside, in script were the letters "L. E. K." There it waited patiently until the careless fingers of fate should give it another toss and send it wandering out to find its next metamorphosis, perhaps, in the melting pot.

And, coming down the street that autumn morning was William H. Kaylor, very leisurely strolling along his way to the depot, where he expected to take a train to his suburban home. He had started about half an hour too early so as to give himself ample time, and had dispensed with the street cars, having leisure enough to walk to the depot. A week or so before there had been rumors of burglars in the quiet little suburb where Mr. Kaylor lived, and several of the apprehensive residents had invested in firearms. They bought revolvers mostly, although one put his money into a repeating shotgun, and another had his fancy captured by a sword.

Mr. Kaylor was browsing along meditatively wondering if it wouldn't be a good thing to have a weapon of some sort in the house, when he happened to spy the pawnshop window. He was, in truth, a veritable army, and his eye wandered over the mandolin, the guitar, the boxing gloves, the rings, watches, clocks, musical instruments, opera glasses and a wilderness of odds and ends filled the window to the brim. And in one corner was a small silver napkin ring. It was rather fancifully engraved, and in a smooth line on the outside, in script were the letters "L. E. K." There it waited patiently until the careless fingers of fate should give it another toss and send it wandering out to find its next metamorphosis, perhaps, in the melting pot.

live, he happened to bring within the range of his vision the little silver napkin ring. As he saw the letters "L. E. K." his lips puckered into almost a whistle of astonishment. Then he said: "Well, I'll be hanged if that isn't a coincidence."

It was an odd occurrence his running across this napkin ring, in view of the happenings of the last few days in Mr. Kaylor's family circle. His son, Lester Kaylor, who had been married to a village girl, had been presented with a willful and baby boy, who weighed 10 pounds in the clear, and who had been promptly named Lester Edway Kaylor. His ecstatic grandpapa had been duly admonished by his wife to buy that baby a napkin ring with the initials "L. E. K." engraved upon it. And here in this pawnshop window, lying in a neat little plush case, was this handsome napkin ring, with the necessary initials, all ready to be bought and presented to Lester Edway Kaylor.

The ominous array of guns and revolvers faded from his sight, and only the napkin ring remained. He stepped into the store and inquired the price.

"Two and a half," was the answer. He dug down into the innermost recesses of his "pepper and salt" and extracted the two fifty, laid it down on the counter, looked once again to satisfy himself that the magic letters, "L. E. K.," were duly inscribed on the napkin ring, and then hurried to the depot.

Boarding his train he became so engrossed in a contemplation of the ring, and in speculating as to how the letter representing the initials of his newly-arrived grandson should come to be engraved on it, that he came very nearly being carried past his station. Arriving home, he produced the ring, and with his wife, daughter and second son, began to weave conjectures and advance theories concerning it. The ring was certainly a handsome one, and in a state of perfect preservation, no sign of nicks, scratches or marks of use appearing on it. That same evening the family all went over to Lester's, and the ring was produced and duly presented to Lester Edway Kaylor. But Lester's wife, who was Belle Edway, before she married, the exalted position of a Kaylor, pounced on the ring with an excitable little screech of surprise.

"Why—why," she gaspingly stammered, "I've seen that ring before. It was given to little Louise Kellar, Louise Edith Kellar, three years ago. I don't know how it got into your hands. Her mother at the time, Edith Louise Brenden and she married a man by the name of Kellar. When her first baby was born she named it Louise Edith—turned her own name around, and we girls 'chipped in' and got this very ring and sent it to her at Alton. Oh, I'm sure of it. And you got it in a pawnshop? Why, Papa Kaylor, I'm sure Mrs. Kellar must be in trouble. I only know her as a classmate, but I am going to inquire into this matter, and find her, if possible. To think of dear little Lester's initials and that child's being the same!"

The Kaylor contingent, horse, foot and dragons, was wonderfully stirred up over the mystery of the napkin ring. William H. got off of the train the next morning, and going into the pawnshop interviewed the proprietor. That personage looked over his books and discovered that a woman had pawned the ring some 14 months before. The address she gave was burned up by Mr. Kaylor, but no such person as Mrs. Kellar lived there. A little judicious questioning developed the fact that a Mrs. Kellar had lived there some eight months before, but that she had moved, no one knew where.

He inquired for some further inquiries and found that a girl who lived in the house was quite a friend of Mrs. Kellar's. This girl worked in a candy factory and was down town at work at that time. Mr. Kaylor determined to lose no time in hunting her up, so he boarded a car in the direction of the candy factory. Arriving there he obtained an interview with the girl after showing his card to the manager. The girl told him of Mrs. Kellar's whereabouts, and he at once went to the place. There he climbed up a narrow stairway, knocked at the door on a back porch and a woman came to the door.

He inquired for Mrs. Kellar and was told that the woman he was addressing was Mrs. Kellar and he then told of his daughter-in-law's hearing that she was in the city and of her sending him to the first address, which he lyingly explained had been forwarded to her by a friend. Mrs. Kellar was greatly pleased to hear from her old schoolmate, and Mr. Kaylor bowed himself out. He did not mention the napkin ring.

The rooms where Mrs. Kellar was living were miserably poor, but very clean and neatly kept. She herself, although a woman of refinement and of quite a pretty face, had a staid, reserved, and somewhat cold expression of pride, which made no confidences and offered no apologies. Mrs. Lester Kaylor called the next day and there was a great recapitulation of school days and subsequent happenings. Mrs. Kellar's husband had died, her property had been lost, and through the poverty and poverty was the order of the day with her and all her family connections.

Mrs. Kaylor, junior, set her wits to work at once. Was not Edith a bookkeeper? Had she not taken a course at the college of bookkeeping? To be sure. Well, the way was clear. Mrs. Kellar obtained a position at the establishment where William H. Kaylor was the grand mogul and worldly affairs began to flourish with her. In fact her charming personality so impressed a certain man at the store that he began to lay plans to have her with a slow, resolute persistence, to which the Kaylor's are all convinced she will eventually have to surrender.

As for the napkin ring William H. Kaylor bought a new one for his respectable grandson, Lester Edway Kaylor, and the problem of disposing of the other one was solved by sending it back to Mrs. Kellar, expressed from a suburban town near Chicago. Mrs. Kellar never asked any questions, but she suspected a great deal. Meanwhile the rightful owner, Louise Edith Kaylor, proudly uses it at her meals, carefully tucking her napkin into it after saying, "May I be excused, mamma."

And in the garish light of day the old pawnshop window beams out the pascifying. It knows a story or two if it would only tell.

A Mother's Fading Memory.

From the Texas Sifter.

"Why, Mamma, I'm ashamed of you!" exclaimed a San Antonio mother, entertaining a San Antonio mother, entertaining her daughter, and addressing her daughter. "Your father has only been dead three weeks, and here you are playing on the piano."

"He has been dead longer than that, maw. He died on the second, so you see he has been dead four weeks."

"That's a fact," said the mother. "Go along and hang the stuffing out of your piano. I declare my memory is failing me."

Subscribe for the Standard.

GREWSOME MYSTERY

West Virginia Mountain Peak Whose Summit No Man Has Seen.

FIRES OF THE INFERNO

Residents of the Region Believe It Is the Home of a Satanatic Majesty—A Fortunate Escape.

Addison (W. Va.) Letter to the Globe-Democrat.

Three mountaineers of this county have met a strange death. They have disappeared, and their bodies, it is now generally supposed, are resting on the brow of "Ole Spittfire" mountain. "Ole Spittfire" has fully sustained the uncanny reputation it has held for generations and generations, and the mountaineers shrug their shoulders, look volumes, but speak little about the fate which overtook their unlucky brethren.

"They wuz foolhardy," they say as they glance furtively in the direction of the frowning face of the mountain. "They knowed what wuz in store for them, but they loved their wuz too peart to die like common folks. Their bones'll bleach and decay before any Websterite 'll go after 'em. They had their warnin', jest like all."

In the blazing heat of the noonday sun which beats down on "Ole Spittfire" and in the frosty autumn night rest the three bodies. In the daytime the eagle and hawk soar over them, doubtless wandering at the inanimate appearance of their old-time enemies. At night the whistling wind and the bat flit past them, and the large owl of the highlands hoots derisively.

"Ole Spittfire" has a mysterious death-dealing something on its summit which never fails to prove fatal to the human being who attempts to put foot there. The insidious property is said to be in the nature of electricity or electric currents, which are in some way liberated, generated or set in motion by the presence there of a man or woman. It is known that the peak is a strong conductor of lightning, and for every time there is a storm in Webster of an electrical nature the bolts are seen to strike its top, shattering the dark gray strata of rock clustered about its brow.

FIRES OF THE INFERNO.

Occasionally when there is not a cloud in the sky little darts and arrows of electricity can be seen shooting out from it in the evenings, and this gave it its appropriate name of "Ole Spittfire."

The mountain is the tallest in Webster. It stands isolated from the other knobs connected without exception by foothills. One of its sides, rising from the Big Difficult creek, is almost perpendicular, but, being once shaven, the summit is not directly above this. The other sides are partially covered within a few hundred yards of the summit with pine and hemlock, birch and ash trees and laurel thickets, except in places where the huge stones rolled from the summit make big splashes on its surface, like the discase spots on a leper.

The deer, when the time comes to shed their horns, come off the vantage against the rough boulders, but the bucks have never been known to resort to "Ole Spittfire," nor have they ever been seen on any part. Deer as well as human beings seem to shun it as a thing accursed.

Dave Hardrick, his brother Pete and Sammie, commonly called "Sampse," Robie, a cousin of Hardrick, are the ones who, it is supposed, fell a prey to the mysterious influence of the mountain. They went into certain death, every Websterite declares, and they got no more than what was right. They say "Dave Hardrick wuz no fool, and reckoned that Sampse, Robie, and he had more uv the sense God gave him. He wuz a native, too, and in his case there warn't no excuse."

THEY TEMPTED FATE.

Dave and Pete Hardrick were newcomers in Webster. They had moved to the county in the early spring, and had taken the Swadley cabin and clearing, which old Lon Swadley, became a convert to Mormonism and took away all his worldly goods to become one of the Latter Day Saints. The Hardricks had the reputation of being overly reckless, even for mountaineers, and trouble-makers, and it is rumored that Tucker county, where they came from, had been too bad to hold them. With all of the other traditions regarding "Ole Spittfire" there is one about it which is a great inducement to any mountaineer to brave its mystery. The peak, according to the story handed down by the old mountaineers, is a veritable Mount Hymettus. It is said that the clefts and interstices between the rocks on its top are filled with the honey of wild bees, which have for years and years made it their natural hive.

Many and many a time have old hunters who have "lined" a bee for hours turned away chagrined and disappointed, and with a muttered curse when the insect at last was seen in the clear mountain atmosphere an animate bullet, whizzing its way straight to the summit of the "devil knob."

And doubtless more than one of these hunters has determined, at some future time, to climb the mountain and settle once for all whether the death story regarding it was or was not true. Only one so far as known keeps this resolve, and that was Press Sannett several years ago. Sannett had been often heard to declare that he would scale "Ole Spittfire." He disappeared suddenly one day, and his appearance was set down as being another victory for the "devil knob."

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

It was by this means that Robie was induced by the Hardricks to go with them and meet death on the mountain. They had not been accustomed all their lives to listen to the weird tales about the place. They had heard, however, of the honey supposed to be there. Robie could not stand their bantering and sullenly consented to throw away his life rather than acknowledge any degree of cowardice to them.

Wednesday, after taking "a piece," which is Webster for a bite to eat, Sampse told his wife he was going to salt a deer and would be home any way by early candle light. He knew

full well his wife would not consent to his leaving her if she was told the truth.

There was another who came near being a victim to the mysterious influences of the "devil knob." This was Hannie Robie, the 17-year-old brother of Sampse, who started out with the others, but, lucky for him, he did not stay with them, being providentially prevented. Now he is the only bar between his mother and his brother's wife and starvation.

Hannie went away from the Robie cabin with the others. If there is one thing more than another that a mountaineer cannot stand, it is being battered to do a thing and not do it. The Hardricks persuaded "Sampse" to accompany them, or forced him into it by their teasing, and Hannie, fearful of being laughed at and being called a coward, went along, though his heart was inwardly quaking at the thought of braving danger, all the more terrible because it was unknown.

The party started up Big Difficult creek for about three miles and a half and turned north where Frying Pan Run came into it. They left a stream down the base of "Ole Spittfire." After following it for a mile or so through a thick laurel bed, the party threw direction to the winds and turned abruptly up the mountain side.

The side they ascended is not as steep as the south face of the knob, though the way was thick and rough with moss-covered birches and hemlocks to climb over, which had fallen and decayed for hundreds of years, and the rocks with the clefts between them greatly retarded the way.

SWALLOWED BY THE MOUNTAIN. The five had reached possibly within a half mile of the summit where the vegetation ceased and the big rocks began. Glimpes of the valley and the knobs on the other side could be had through the tree tops. Suddenly a sound familiar to all filled the air, and Hannie, who had brought along his rifle, stopped short.

"Jest wait a bit," he said, "and see if I can't make Mister Pheasant stop his drummin' purty nigh right under our noses. Ef we don't take notice he'd say we warn't no good nohow. I'll see if I can't pay him for his dad-burn foolishness."

"All right, Hannie," they told him, "we'll stop a minute and let you frazzle him a ruffle neck."

Perhaps Hannie stayed away longer than he had intended, or, more likely, he used it as a subterfuge to go no further, for he says, when he returned to the spot where he left his companions they were not to be found, and after following them a little he gave up the chase.

Hannie was tired and worn, and he sat down on a stone to rest and cool off. He remained there several minutes, he says, perhaps a half hour, but just how long he does not know. Suddenly from the direction of the summit came a shriek, subdued, yet distinct, for by others. Then the boys, not waiting for more, started heading down the mountain until he reached the Frying Pan Run, bloody and worn, his heart wildly palpitating and gasping for breath. Limping and hobbling on his feet, he did not stop until he reached the Robie cabin.

"I kindly thought that mountain would fall on me," he told the white-faced woman, "for it shook like a dug-out on the Bowlder Shoals of Big Difficult when the water is high."

Abe, Herron, whose cabin is on Big Difficult creek, across the valley from "Ole Spittfire," happened to be sitting in the front door of his cabin Wednesday afternoon near dusk cleaning some trout which he had caught in the creek. Happening to look from the trout to the summit of "Spittfire," he called out to his wife, who was inside the cabin:

"Spittfire's holy mad about somethin'. I low nobody's been that tomfool'n ter try to climb it. Jest watch the ole devil. I ain't seen it actin' that way since Press Sannett 'lowed he'd git some uv that honey hid there."

A WEIRD SCENE.

The woman came to the door, and together they stood and watched the phenomenon. Across the valley on the opposite side the sun was sinking behind the brow of Owl Head. "Ole Spittfire's" summit, still illuminated by the rays of the sun, its gaunt gray rocks with the fissures between and stunted bushes showing plainly, was throwing out strange flashes of electricity. They were described as being much like those of sheet lightning. They were extremely vivid and lit up the face of the peak as if the disintegrated rays of a search light beamed from it.

"It wuz like as if," Herron told the story at the village tavern, "Spittfire's dead wuz that uv a man covered with fire hair and each hair wuz a flash of lightning. Sometimes there wuz only one flash, then there wuz another, and 't'other, like dartin' snakes. Somethin' like as how a rattler travels over the rocks. I dunno how 'twas, but my flesh crept, and I tuk a big drink to steady my backbone."

Herron said that he and his wife watched "Ole Spittfire" through the cabin window until they went to sleep. "And it hadn't got over its fumin' and frettin' like yit," he said.

Seth Cogar also related a strange story of the mountain getting "wicked," as he expressed it. Cogar started Wednesday forenoon for Tob Judin's grist mill on Big Difficult creek, near where Bergoo empties into it. Cogar got his backwater ground that afternoon and was riding home down Big Difficult creek when he came to the cranberry glade where the hemlocks and aspens stand. His eye caught like those of all mountaineers taking in everything at once, rested on the summit of "Ole Spittfire." Suddenly he saw to his astonishment what appeared to be the figure of a man boldly defied against the sky on one of the huge weatherbeaten rocks at the top. As he looked at the figure the rock on which it stood and the whole summit became enveloped in a sheet of flame, as the peaks are sometimes wrapped in a cloud. It was blinding to look at, he said, and his horse was so badly frightened though it must have been two or three miles away from where he was, that it almost threw him.

REGARDED WITH AWE.

"I thought ez how I wuz loony," he said, "or Spittfire was lettin' loose its barnst. I made straight licks for the clearkin' where my cabin is. I don't want to glimpse such devilment agin."

"Pap" Tamman, the oldest man in Webster, whose age must be nearly 100, but whose memory is a marvel, tells strange stories of "Spittfire." He says that once when he was a young child there was a rain of stars in Webster, and that he remembers seeing them at night, being awakened out of a sound sleep. Furthermore, he says that the stars, which must have been meteorites, seemed to be attracted to the top of Spittfire, falling about it like the sparks from a blacksmith's anvil. The old man tells another story, which his father told to him, having witnessed it when he himself was a boy. One night a mass of fire whizzed through the air, not only whizzing, but spluttering and crackling, and it struck the peak with a shock which was felt throughout the

county. Smoke rose from the mountain next day, and for five nights after the peak glowed as if its top was a mass of red-hot fire.

The Indians are said to have many traditions about Ole Spittfire. One of these was that a great chief, or Manitou, had left his people, gone on the mountain and died and it had become his sepulcher. Since that time, the red men declared, it had been death to anyone to profane the hallowed spot by setting foot thereon. In this manner the chief's resting place was protected by an invisible but potent means from being desecrated. This theory was regarded as a plausible one by the Indians.

Websterites say that a number of years ago "sky viewers" from Washington visited the country. Whether they were astronomers or members of the coast and geodetic survey is not known. They were looking for some elevated point in the county on which they could plant their instruments. They laughed at the stories about "Ole Spittfire," but—and the mountaineers chuckle as they tell that part—"they left the devil knob alone. They wuz too smart for sech trifling with one uv ole Nick's varmint."

Three women in two cabins, with white, furrowed faces and red-veined, sleepless eyes, day in and out of the night, watch the black, forbidding face of the death peak for some sign. It rears its brow aloft, crowned with dark, awe-inspiring tons of basaltic and granite rock, and is as unrelenting as ever. Does it hold three sacrificial bodies aloft to the heavens like a grim Moloch? The women think it does. All Webster is certain such is the case.

"Requiescat in pace."

A SOUTHERN PHILOSOPHER.

Fix up the fire, old lady, and make the little blee;
Fer here I am at home once more, an' here I'll stay awhile;
I've tired of these elections-o' campaign talks and tales—
An' now I'm goin' to jerk my coat an' go ter spittin' rails!

Fix up the fire, old lady, as bright as bright kin be,
An' set the table with a plate—a extra plate for me;
An' fetch out that 'ere fatted calf, an' then some homecom;
Fer this here tough old prodigal is headed now fer home.

Fix up the fire, old lady, an' let her burn an' blaze;
Fer this 'ere prodigal's come home fer his remainin' days.
An' if that veal will make a meal, jest carve her with a will;
McKinley's took the country, but we've got ten acres still!

—Atlanta Constitution.

So Am I.

From Spare Moments.

An elderly gentleman living in Mid-Lancashire was noted for his inebrity. On one occasion, when he had been imbibing pretty freely, he was met by the clergyman of the parish in which he lived.

"Drunk again, John!" said the pastor.

"So am I! So am I!" replied the truthful John, much to the amazement of his spiritual adviser.

ONE HONEST MAN

Dear Editor: I am writing you for the first time. I have been a sufferer from Nervous Weakness, Night Sweats, and other ailments for many years. I have tried many remedies, but have not found any relief. I am now suffering from a severe attack of the same, and I am unable to do my work. I am sure that you will be able to help me. I am writing you for the first time, and I am sure that you will be able